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Memorial Exercises for President Mckinley by Lafayette Post No. 140

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Memorial Exercises

...for...

President McKinley,

September 20, 1901

...by...

Lafayette Post No. 140,

Department of New York

Grand Army of the Republic.

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Organ Voluntary, ... Mr. P. B. SPARKS

CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.

Prayer, . . . Chaplain REV. WILBUR FISKE WOOD, D.D.

O Lord, our Father, we thank Thee that we are enabled to gather here in health and safety, the objects of Thy love, the subjects of Thy grace, the living evidence of Thy marvellous providence.

Yet, we meet with heavy hearts because of the sudden, the cruel and needless taking off of our beloved and honored Comrade, the President of the United States.

Put the seal of Thy condemnation upon the violence and false teaching of those by whom he has been so foully slain, and show them their errors and their awful crime.

We remember, with great thanksgiving, the record of his noble character, the dignity, and honor and skill with which he discharged the varied duties of his high office.

We thank Thee that he was the instrument for lifting our Nation unto the present height of glory, for the place now given it among the nations of the earth.

We thank Thee for his triumph in war, and for his yet greater triumph in peace.

We bless Thee for the beautiful record of his private life, for the honor he has placed upon the home, for his bright example as the head of his family.

We rejoice in the revelation of his inner, christian life amid the trials and temptations of public affairs. We rejoice in the comfort of heart which now is ours because of his nearness to Thee in this life, and for his christian faith in Jesus Christ, by which he is given a triumphant entrance unto the eternal home.

We pray Thy benediction upon the broken lily that now waits

add in conclusion that we are citizens of one country, whose birthright is the freedom of man, and it will be well with us, should we so live, that when our time shall come, no matter how, we can say with Comrade McKinley: "It is God's way. His will be done."

Resolutions adopted by the Post, . Adjutant WILBUR F. BROWN

WHEREAS. The Ruler of all Nations has permitted the removal from Earth of William McKinley, President of the United States, in the midst of a most useful career, and

WHEREAS. The manner of the death of the President was most deplorable and revolting in this land of liberty and plenty, and

WHEREAS. The conduct of the high office of the President of the United States has met with the approval of all highminded and honest men and been fruitful with commercial progress, power among nations, and the elevation of man, and

WHEREAS. The upright and perfect life of this great man holds the world in admiration for its devotion to duty and affection for family ties, and

WHEREAS. He was a soldier of the Republic in the days of darkness when the Flag was assailed and the Union involved; and was a Comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, formed of the defenders of the Union and for the support of civil law, and

WHEREAS. Though shot to death by an assassin's hand no word or suggestion soiled his Christian character nor marred his brilliant example, and

WHEREAS. The blow which deprived him of his human life was aimed at the Nation which harbors the wanderer and gives liberty to the oppressed, therefore, be it

RESOLVED. That as believers in the Supreme Being we, Comrades of Lafayette Post, No. 140, Department of New York, bow with submission to Divine will and acknowledge our unfitness to explore the mystery of Omnipotent direction, trusting in faith for the revelation of the Infinite purpose.

RESOLVED. That, as we are taught that the purposes of the Almighty are wrought out at times with the implements of wickedness, we are not admonished to withhold our hand from the punishment of the crime.

RESOLVED. That we hold in the highest commendation the conduct of the official life of him whom we mourn, and recognizing the benefit to the country and to the world, commend to the authorities the purposes and methods he pursued.

RESOLVED. That we emulate the lofty example of his private life and persue the paths of virtue and rectitude he so eminently followed.

RESOLVED That as surviving Comrades of the Grand Army of the Re-

public, who tented on the field and touched elbow with the brave man who was courageous in battle and feared not to die, we place ourselves on the alignment of duty, ready for action, as we may be led by our superiors in office, to perform any legitimate service having in view the prevention of any deed against the State or the punishment of any crime.

RESOLVED. That as citizens of a country we helped to save we implore the lawmakers and law givers to so construct and enact a law that no resident of the land shall be other than a law-supporting citizen and that an attempt on the life, or an expression of contempt for the life, of an officer of the Government, shall be as odious as treason, and meet treason's reward.

RESOLVED. That as Soldiers and Citizens we hold in scorn and contempt any utterance of ridicule, by voice or press, of the rulers who govern by the people's choice, and approve of the suppression by law of every vehicle of disrespect for those who have been called to rule.

RESOLVED. That the foregoing, signed by the Commander and Adjutant, be inscribed in full on the Post Minutes, copies forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief and Department Commander, published in the Grand Army Journal and in Post Orders.

At an Encampment of Lafayette Post, No. 140, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled September 20, 1901, prior to the hour named for holding Memorial Exercises in memory of Comrade William McKinley, President of the United States, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS. In the infinite wisdom of an All-wise Providence Comrade William McKinley has been removed from his sphere of unmeasured usefulness and suddenly summoned into a closer presence with his Maker in whom he had an abiding trust, and

WHEREAS. His consecrated life of joy and sorrow with the wife of his affection, tenderly and beautifully illustrated by his devotion and solicitude, commands the admiration and esteem of the upright and true, and

WHEREAS. His patriotism, manifested by his enlistment and service as a Union soldier in the Civil War, is recognized by his late Comrades in Arms who have shared the danger and honor of such service, and profess a fraternal regard and brotherly affection for the Soldier and Patriot, therefore, be it

RESOLVED. That while we bow with humble submission to the Heavenly Father, who chasteneth while he loveth, we would express our sorrow in the bereavement of a separation from one so exalted and beloved, and extend with

the affection of those who hold sacred the family ties and with the sincerity of a soldier's regard, the deepest sympathy to the wife of our Comrade, whose sorrow we would share and whose grief we would alleviate.

RESOLVED. That the loftiest honors we can bestow on the Comrade who has fallen is to emulate his virtues and follow his illustrious example; and the greatest compensation we can offer the pure and noble companion of his perfect life, for the loss she has sustained is to remember his honorable career and promote his lofty purposes.

RESOLVED. That this tribute of respect be entered in full on a page set apart in the Post Minutes and a prepared copy, signed by the Commander and duly attested, be forwarded to Mrs. McKinley.

At an Encampment of Lafayette Post No. 140, Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, assembled September 20, 1901, prior to the hour named for holding Memorial Exercises in memory of Comrade William McKinley, President of the United States, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS. Through the dispensation of Almighty God President William McKinley has been removed from the position of honor and trust where he had been placed with conspicuous confidence by an abiding people, and his life taken by inscrutable means; and

WHEREAS. By Constitutional Enactment Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the vacant place and has become the head of the Nation, therefore, be it

RESOLVED. That as citizens of a great country, veteran soldiers and sailors of a great strife and Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, pledged to obey and support the laws of the country saved from dissolution, we, the members of Lafayette Post, even while bowed down with grief at the loss we feel, and stricken with sorrow beside a fallen Comrade's grave, lift our heads with admiration for the noble sentiments expressed and attitude adopted by President Roosevelt upon assuming the great office of responsibility and trust, and further express our confidence and faith in his ability and fidelity to honestly and impartially perform all the duties of his office as he may be guided by the Ruler of Kings on whom he relies, and in the best interests of his country and fellow-man, before whose altar he offered himself a sacrifice and for whom he drew his sword.

RESOLVED. That the foregoing be entered in full upon the Post Minutes and an engrossed copy forwarded to the President, signed by the Commander and attested with the seal.

Hymn. . . . . . *"Lead, Kindly Light."*

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Address, . . Chaplain REV. WILBUR FISKE WOOD, D.D.

McKINLEY—THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

The term Christian gentleman was never exemplified more forcibly or more truly than in the life and death of William McKinley.

We offtimes use the word Christian in a very wide sense, for instance to distinguish this nation from a heathen nation, as America from China, or as an American from a Turk, or as a Gentile from a Hebrew. But we all know its narrower, its better, its inner meaning. Men were first called *Christians* in Antioch as the known and instinctive friends and followers of Jesus Christ.

A Christian to-day is a real follower of the teaching and example of Jesus Christ. Not many of us come up to the standard. "*All* we, like sheep, have gone astray"—or, as Burns expresses it, "A' mankind is unco weak and little to be trusted." It is one thing to be able to bear the general name Christian when we are classed as part of a nation, or as part of a multitude. But it is quite another thing *to be* what the name indicates—an actual follower of Jesus Christ, a sincere doer of Christ's will, a consistent example of Christ's example. Mr. McKinley was a Christian gentleman, a man filled with a sense of christian honor, of christian forbearance, of

christian beneficence, of christian sacrifice, of christian forgiveness and intercession for those who despitefully used him and persecuted him.

Caesar thrice declined the crown but leaving a doubt of his sincerity. Mr. McKinley twice sincerely declined the Presidency when to accept it would have involved the sacrifice of christian honor. Whilst the Ohio delegation was pledged to Mr. Sherman nothing would cause Mr. McKinley to accept Mr. Sherman's place, even though the convention pressed the nomination upon him, and even though it was plain that Mr. Sherman could not be nominated. Christian honor, in his judgment, forbade his acceptance and nothing could move him from his integrity. And this christian character was no late or new found thing. His was not an eleventh hour Christianity—a death bed profession. It was part of his earliest life—even from the days of his youth.

His Christian convictions and abilities were such that he was, by his parents, destined for the ministry. But he himself shrank from that line of service, as any man well may do. An office the highest and best though so imperfectly filled even by the noblest. But wherever he went—into law, into politics, into the army—he carried his religion with him. Not on his sleeve, not on his tongue in continuously pious truisms, and long-faced moralisms, but being a man he stood as a man, being a Christian he spake as a Christian whenever occasion and principle demanded. He did not crowd himself and his views upon the unwilling, nor upon those who differed, yet all knew where to find him and whensoever a Christian gentlemen was needed friend or foe immediately thought his name. It is, therefore, not surprising that his closing hours were so wonderful. To the last he lived what he had always professed, and amid all the weakness and distortion of pain he was still able to tower in highest Christian exaltation above every other soul about him.

I was but little distant from him when he was so cruelly shot. Shot in the moment when he was reaching out his hand in warmest hospitality! Shot by the brutal one who made the moment of sacred confidence his opportunity for foulest murder! Shot in a way that violated every sense of fairness—that betrayed every law of honor. Shot by the hand of another Judas! He was not simply Mr. McKinley, he was our President! He was the Father of the National Family, and every son and daughter of the nation's family has felt that shot as a personal offence, as a blow in the face from the hand of impudent ignorance. It is not surprising, therefore, that every man on the Exposition grounds that awful Friday was immediately aflame with indignation. Had there been gallows high

enough, and rope long enough, an one hundred thousand hands were anxious to swing the wicked wretch to Hades.

Who was there in these awful moments amid rage and tears that would have dared to stand up in defence of the assassin! He, too, would have been torn to pieces. Yet amid all that excitement of terror, amid the horror of the treacherous crime, amid all the flaming violence of indignation, amid the cry of vengeance that was anxious to smite, and was smiting the murderer, amid all the terrible solemnity and intense anxiety as to the possible outcome of life or death of the President, there was heard the voice of intercession. There was just one man in all that excited multitude that was calm enough to beg for the life of the murderer, that was Christian enough to pray for the dastardly assassin. But for that prayer there is no doubt whatever that that Judas body would have been crushed to jelly. Only the voice of the murdered Christian President saved the life of his murderer. Never, among all humanity, was there higher example of the Christian! The only voice that has been lifted up for that murderous wretch was the voice of him that was smitten. The Master himself, in His great Sermon on the Mount, has bidden us to pray for them which despitefully use us and persecute us that we may be the children of "Our Father which is in Heaven."—Matt. 5; 44, 45. But in all that multitude on that awful Sixth of September there was but one who did it! And he the aggrieved one most of all—the one from whom we ought least to have expected it! With all solemnity, with all humility, with all deference to the exaltation of Divinity, we cannot help being reminded of that other Friday afternoon, at almost the same, precise hour on Mount Calvary. When Jesus Christ was being put to death there was only one voice lifted up in intercession for his murderers, and that was the voice of Jesus Christ himself! "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Ten words that have transformed the world, yet words that the best of us can seldom pray. It requires a high Christianity to do it. It takes close and persistent walking in the footsteps of Jesus Christ to do it. Amid all the stress of these past two weeks I only know one to do it, and he our stricken President.

And again in his last hours this Christian man proved his Christianity by putting the whole matter just where God's word teaches us to put it. When all earthly hope for life was ended then calmly as if just going on a journey he bid them all good-bye, saying, also, "It is God's way, His will be done." Then all the pomp and circumstance of earthly glory passed away. Then the highest potentate amid the Kings and Emperors of nations laid aside all

thought of mortal things—then this greatest one among us all looked up to God.

He had lived nigh unto his Master and to his God all his life but now his final prayer on earth is "*Nearer*—close as I may have lived my last yearning in the mortal body is "*yet nearer.*"

"*Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to Thee.*"

When Balaam, the prophet of God, four thousand years ago, saw in glorious vision the honor and the blessings and the exaltations of God's people in the coming years he exclaimed "What has God wrought! I shall see Him but not now; I shall behold Him but not nigh; there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel, * * Out of Jacob shall come He that shall have dominion, * * Who can count the dust of Jacob," And with all this glory of the coming Christ shining in his eyes and thrilling in his voice he prayed, as we all may well pray to-night, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let *my* last end be like His."—Num. 23: 10.

The man whom eighty millions buried yesterday was a Christian—a Christian gentleman. And our noblest impulse to-night will be to honor the town where his body lieth and to cause our lives to follow his martyr steps.

O rare and honored Canton-town!
Nought from his dust shall sever
The Mecca of the world's renown
And of the world's regard, forever!

THE MARTYR-SPIRIT.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who *patient* bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

Hymn, ... "*Nearer, My God, to Thee.*"

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer
Weary and lone,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Address, ... Comrade JOHN A. KAMPING

McKINLEY—THE SOLDIER AND COMRADE.

I should apologize for the insufficiency of what I may be able to say on such an occasion as this, because of the short notice and

because of the great merit of him whom we are assembled to honor and to mourn.

A great poet has placed in the mouth of an historical character that "the evil that men do live after them; the good is often interred with their bones." In the character whom we honor this evening, there seems to exist no evil to survive him, for among the great men that adorn the pages of the history of this nation there is scarcely one to be found presenting so well-rounded a character, eminent in so many qualities, as that of our deceased Comrade. He earned for himself during the civil war by his personal merits an officer's rank as a soldier. It is by this official title that the dear companion of his life preferred to address him. In her extreme agony at parting she called to him not as President, nor as husband, but as "Major," a term which with her was the most endearing. His honorable life earned for him finally the position—the highest in the gift of the Nation—carrying with it that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. He possessed the noblest sentiments of the true soldier with whom duty comes ever first. He made war only for honorable purposes, the enfranchisement of the oppressed and the defense of the free; for with him no warfare was justified except its purposes were noble and right. We honor him for having prosecuted one of the most successful wars carried on and concluded with results the most startling in their vast possibilities that is to be found in the history of nations. We no less esteem him for his broad principles of humanity and private virtues at its conclusion, showing in all his counsels and actions a good heart, a wise leader and kind friend. Those of the Comrades of the Grand Army who have had the great pleasure of taking this pure Comrade by the hand will never forget the earnest pressure of that hand, full of heart felt affection and Comradeship. The army is made more loyal and brave by such a soldier, and our Order is made better by such a Comrade. Truly his death, though cruel, was not in vain; and it is of such as his that another poet has writen:

> "Come to the bridal chamber Death;
> Come to the mother when she feels her first born's breath;
> Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
> The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm,
> And thou art terrible.
> But to the hero whose bright sword,
> Has won the battle for the free,
> Thy voice sounds like the Prophet's word,
> And in its hallowed tones are heard,
> The thanks of millions yet to be."

William McKinley we honor thee as a soldier; we cherish thee as a Comrade.

Hymn.

As one by one our rank are cleft
And comrades drop away;
To those who wait are lessons left,
"Live faithful while you may."

We stood for right, when hostile might
Assailed our flag and land;
God help us all for faith and right
And charity to stand.

And when the last long roll shall sound,
May every comrade be
In God's angelic legions found,
For all eternity.

Address, ... Comrade ALFRED C. BARNES

McKINLEY—THE PRESIDENT.

When William McKinley had finished his term of service as a soldier, at the early age of 22, he found the world before him with the usual problem that confronts earnest young men, to choose a profession. Crowded into the preceding five years was experience enough for an ordinary life time. Now he was to begin over again, and walk in another and broader way. War's alarm gave place to the soothing pipes of peace, but the "strenuous life" still appealed to the ambitious youth.

He elected the honorable strife of the courts. Not having had a liberal education, at least such as a university confers, he brought to the study of law only his native intelligence, the knowledge gained from observation of his fellow-men, and the acute perceptions of a natural thinker.

It is notable that few of our Presidents, and not even many of our leading men, have had a college training. What is it about the academic shades that unfits or at least disinclines a man for the worry and turmoil of public life? Perhaps it is because he has become accustomed to breathe an atmosphere too refined to tolerate coarse, every-day humanity, so that he does not care to jostle and fraternize with the common herd. Yet the true man is the commoner, and the great man is the one whom the commoner selects as the best representative of himself and his class.

As a lawyer Major McKinley at once made his mark, and young as he was he soon became the leader of the Stark County bar where he won a brilliant reputation, at least two of his cases being still quoted as models of thorough study and masterly argument. These qualities, like twin planets, marked out the horoscope of his subsequent career. At that early day he brought the same powers to bear upon political subjects, and in 1865 (the year of his discharge from the army), made his first campaign speech, mounted on a dry goods box for a rostrum. "Could he speak?"

said a bystander. "Well I should say he could. Everybody was simply dumbfounded."

For several years, unconsciously to himself perhaps, the young lawyer was in training for his great destiny. He accepted no local office—Providence held him back for higher things—until 1876, the gates opened into the wide arena of national politics, and the gladiator stepped forward armed and equipped at every point. At 33 years of age McKinley was elected to Congress, where he took up the real work which was to ripen in the fullness of time into glorious achievement and still more glorious martyrdom.

President Hayes displayed an extraordinary interest in the young man. It was he who advised McKinley to become a specialist. "Don't make a speech on every motion offered or bill introduced," he said, "but confine yourself to one particular thing and study it thoroughly so that you will be recognized as an absolute authority on the subject." Such is said to have been the inspiration of the tariff specialism which made the Congressman's name famous even while he was climbing the rounds of the ladder.

His own definition of the measure with which he was thus identified is interesting. "What is a protective tariff? It is a tax upon foreign imports so adjusted as to secure the necessary revenue, imposed upon those foreign products the like of which we are capable of producing at home." In other words foreign articles consumed by our own people were to carry the burden of our Government, and our toilers were to be assured constant employment and high wages in the wholesome competition of home industry.

The wideness of research necessary and the delicacy of determining the rate of tariff to be placed on each article in order to ensure both of these results, thoroughly tested the resources of our budding statesman. In no respect did he disappoint just expectation. The supreme moment of his Congressional career was that in which he stood up to advocate and put upon its passage the McKinley Tariff Bill. His address was simple, devoid of oratorical ornament, but so thoroughly convincing by its calm logic and evidence of profound study, that it passed almost without amendment. Its author sat down in modest triumph, enveloped by the promise and potency of the future Presidency.

At several Presidential conventions of his party, before that which culminated in his own preferment, McKinley was still unconsciously preparing for it. In 1884 he supported Blaine; in 1888, Sherman, but on the latter occasion Connecticut, like a star in the east, cast one vote for McKinley. His friends think he would have been nominated but for his own earnest protest, based upon loyalty to the instructions of his constituents. But it was written! The tide was gathering strength, and in 1892,

though again protesting, McKinley received 182 votes for the nomination.

Meantime, through the eagerness of his own proud people to shower honors upon him, in 1891 he was elected Governor of Ohio, and again in 1893, renominated by acclamation, he carried the state by a phenomenal plurality. As Govenor he promoted the betterment of public benevolent institutions, and the amelioration of local taxation, in which respect Ohio was, and I regret to say, still is, peculiarly afflicted, He also revealed much tenderness for the welfare of the working classes. Arbitration of labor disputes was perhaps *the* specialty of his Gubernatorial administration. The underlying philanthropy of all these interests is characteristic of the great altruistic soul of the man.

In 1896 the tidal wave so long gathering, swept over the land carrying William McKinley upon its proud crest and depositing him in the Presidential chair. The paramount issue of the campaign was Sound Money. Who that saw it will ever forget the marching army in New York streets, shouting that slogan with the name of the man who represented the idea; "Gold, McKinley! McKinley, Gold! Man of Gold—heart of Gold!" Whenever tested this man always gave back the true ring of precious metal—not one suggestion of base alloy.

And Providence having waited long for the man trained under its own eye, as we have seen crowded into his administration such imposing events as the formal establishment of Gold basis, the settlement with the Pacific roads, the Nicaraugua Canal treaty, the Annexation of Hawaii, and finally the Spanish War with the dramatic overture that led up to it, and the momentous consequences that followed.

For the war itself, no one regarded the President as responsible. It was forced upon him by the outcry of an indignant and perhaps headstrong people. But he was always the faithful public servant. The nation clamored for war and the nation's executive gave them the very best kind of a war possible—successful from the outset, conquering an honorable peace in an incredibly short time.

Then came a period analagous to reconstruction times, though the later operation fortunately was external and not internal. Each step of the novel process called by its opponents "imperialism" had to be taken with the utmost caution, and yet without faltering. How nobly the President bore himself while walking delicately among these trying problems is well known to all. Even the savage insurgents of the Philippines learned to feel that behind the frowning ranks of our army existed a great soul of benevolence, embodied in the person of the gentle, long suffering Chief.

On the heels of the Spanish War, which introduced us to the Nations as a "World Power," came the Chinese war, requiring us

to exercise the prerogative and to defend the responsibility which goes with such distinction. Our troops in that far land as usual carried the stars and stripes to victory and then with characteristic moderation, retired from the field, omitting to demand any of the substantial fruits of conquest—a spectacle viewed by the less disinterested allies with open-eyed wonder. Considered in connection with our generous attitude toward Cuba, it may well be claimed that the days of Chivalry have been revived and that this new and noble nation fights for no material advantage itself, but for God and honor and the rights of man. And the plumed Knight in the forefront of battle, without fear and without reproach, while yet he was with us, was ever William McKinley, the typical American!

For the splendid part he bore during this tremendous epoch a grateful people triumphantly re-elected him in 1900—an election fraught with doom, though none saw the shadow creeping on. At last he fell gloriously because he was our President, beloved and honored. Death loves a shining mark, and who shone so resplendent as he among all the earth's rulers? His greatness mingled with so much gentleness, could excite the envy of none save the hopelessly obscure and those who think eminence a crime. Would it have been more kind to have allowed him to return to private life ladened with the boundless honors of his first term? No, a thousand times no! To all minor rewards is now added the immortal crown of martyrdom and a place in history beside Washington and Lincoln—the resplendent trio whom the world will always acknowlege the noblest patriots of the most patriotic nation on earth.

Hymn. . . . . . *A Hymn of the Homeland.*

The Homeland! the Homeland! The land of the freeborn;
There's no night in the Homeland, but aye the fadeless morn,
I'm sighing for the Homeland, my heart is aching here;
There's no pain in the Homeland, to which I'm drawing near.

My Lord is in the Homeland, with angels bright and fair;
There's no sin in the Homeland, and no temptation there.
The music of the Homeland is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the Homeland, my eyes gush out with tears.

For those I love in the Homeland are calling me away,
To the rest and peace of the Homeland, and the life beyond decay,
For there's no death in the Homeland, there's no sorrow above;
Christ brings us all to the Homeland of His eternal love.

Responsive Reading.

Chaplain..In the LORD put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee *as* a bird to your mountain?

Post.....For, lo, the wicked bend *their* bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

Chaplain..If the foundation be destroyed, what can the righteous do?

Post.....Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest. *this shall be* the portion of their cup.

Chaplain..For the righteous LORD loveth righteousness: his countenance doth behold the upright.

Post.....Unto thee will I cry, O LORD my rock; be not silent to me: lest, *if* thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit.

Chaplain..Hear the voice of my supplications, when I cry unto thee, when I lift up my hands toward thy holy oracle.

Post.....Draw me not away with the wicked, and with the workers of iniquity, which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief *is* in their hearts.

Chaplain..Give them according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavours: give them after the work of their hands; render to them their desert.

Post.....Because they regard not the works of the LORD, nor the operation of his hands, he shall destroy them, and not build them up.

Chaplain..Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Post.....Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

Chaplain..*I had fainted*, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

Post.....Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the LORD.

Solo, ... MISS HELEN DOREMUS WESSELLS

"SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND."

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be in the better land,
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

Chorus:

Then trust in God, thro' all thy days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand:
Tho' dark thy way, still sing and praise;
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherish'd plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our tresspasses as we forgive those who tresspass against us. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

= = = **Taps** = = =

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